

HELIX HELIX HELIX HELIX HELIX HELIX HELIX HELIX HELIX HELIX

YOU HAVE IN YOUR HAND THE FIRST ISSUE OF A FORTNIGHTLY NEWSPAPER. IT IS DEDICATED TO NO CAUSE, NO INTERESTS, NO POINT OF VIEW; IT IS DEDICATED TO YOU.

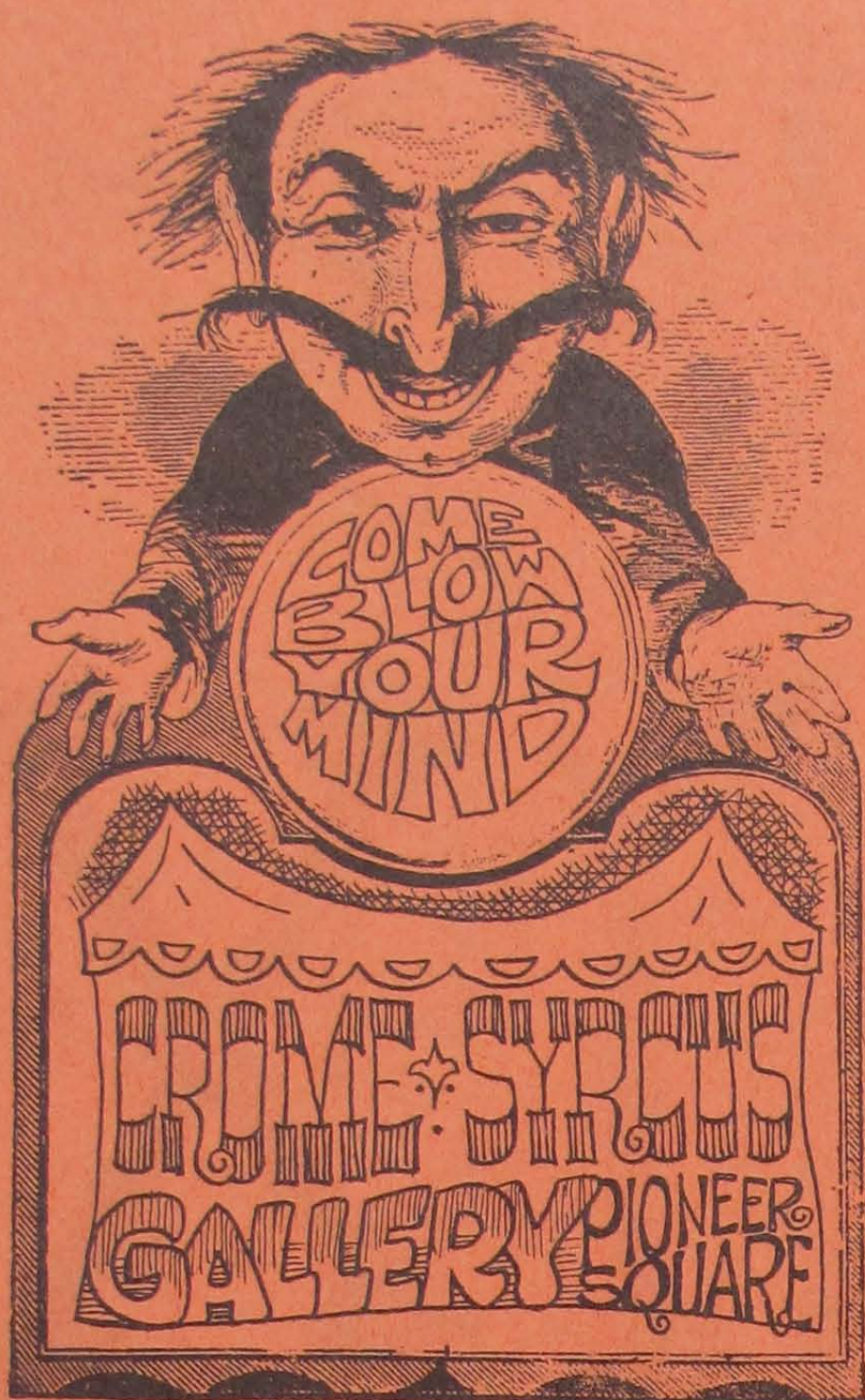
HELIX IS PUBLISHED AT 4526 ROOSEVELT WAY NORTHEAST IN SEATTLE BY A GROUP OF VOLUNTEER WORKERS. ALTHOUGH IN THE UNIVERSITY DISTRICT, HELIX IS A COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER IN THE HUMAN SENSE AND EXPECTS TO BE A FREE PRINTED FORUM IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

"UNDERGROUND" PAPERS ARE APPEARING EVERYWHERE AND HELIX WILL BE A MEMBER OF THE UNDERGROUND PRESS SYNDICATE. OTHERS IN THE UPS ARE THE LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS, ILLUSTRATED TIMES OF LONDON, EAST VILLAGE OTHER IN NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO ORACLE. HELIX WILL IMITATE NONE OF THESE. IT WILL BE THE FREE NEWSPAPER OF SEATTLE AND THE NORTHWEST AND WILL ANSWER TO THEIR NEEDS. HELIX WILL COVER ARTS, POLITICS, ALL KINDS OF UNNAMABLE SCENES OPENING UP IN THIS LAST THIRD OF THE CENTURY. IT WILL ESTABLISH NEW PICTORIAL VALUES IN PRINT.

FRIENDS, YOUR HELP IS NEEDED. WE HAVE SOME DEVOTED VOLUNTEERS WHO BROUGHT OUT THIS ISSUE---WE NEED MANY MORE TO REPORT AND WRITE NEWS, WORK ON ADVERTISING AND CIRCULATION, COLLECT MONEY, DO ALL KINDS OF THINGS TO KEEP THE YOUNG PAPER ON ITS FEET. ANYONE WHO WANTS TO GIVE, SEE US AT 4526 ROOSEVELT WAY NORTHEAST IN SEATTLE, TELEPHONE ME 29320.

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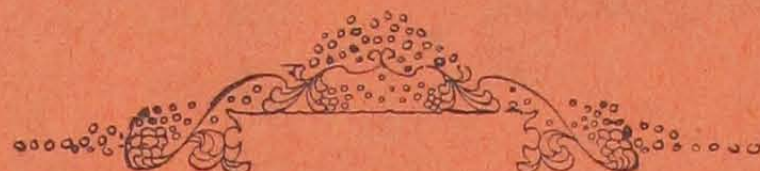


MIME BUST

The S. F. Mime Troupe went to Canada last week. There they were hassled, roused, searched, researched and busted (three of their members remained in the north country fair).

Returning U.S. they were again searched--in a display of international goodwill that would have brought joy to moon-maid's heart, the Canadian cops extended INTERPOL criminal catching technique to undesirable-harassment, and alerted the Seattle narcos.

Having, by the time they were released, missed their plane, the troupe consented to an interview which cannot be included in this issue due to limitations of space/time. The next issue is where it will all be. at. wait.



TRIPS FESTIVAL

by Finholt ➡



READING



PAGE 2

Helix presents 1st Tough Luck Award

HELIX announces its first TOUGH LUCK Award, honoring signal achievement in the field of blunder. Our first award goes to an anonymous editorial writer for the Seattle Times, who concocted an editorial in the January 10 issue headed "The Double Standard of World Opinion." "We have little doubt how world opinion would react if American fighting men in Viet Nam were to seize children to use as human shields in attacking the Viet Cong," the editorial began, betraying a curiously morose tone. It went on: "News dispatches reported yesterday that the Viet Cong had used children as human shields, with 10 of the children killed and 16 wounded. However, we don't expect any world reaction to these revolting actions!" The news dispatch in question was an AP dispatch of January 9, to which the Times gave special treatment. It was printed at the top of the front page, in a two column box grimly bordered in black. Under the headline "VIET CONG USE CHILDREN IN ATTACK; 10 DIE" the dispatch quoted an unidentified U.S. spokesman: "A U.S. spokesman said today that the Viet Cong used Viet-Nameese children as human shields in an attack on South-Vietnamese troops in the Mekong Delta, resulting in the deaths of 10 children and the wounding of 16 others. The spokesman said the Viet Cong herded a group of civilians, mostly children, toward a South Vietnamese Ranger position near Truc Gian in the delta

province of Kien Hoa, 40 miles south of Saigon." the New York Times exploded the story as a hoax. The New York Times correspondent following the editorial, ant reported from My Tho in

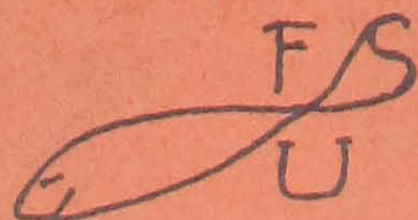


the delta: "Today, in the provincial hospital here, some survivors of the attack said that the casualties had been caused not by the Viet Cong, but by a midnight bombardment of their village by South Vietnamese artillery. Col. John E. Lance, the senior American adviser to the South Vietnamese infantry division that was involved, acknowledged that the division's first report had been incorrect and that the villagers had been killed and wounded under bombardment."

On January 14 the Seattle Times gamely printed an AP retraction of the first story, although it was placed rather less prominently than the first one, and no editorial notice was taken. According to the January 14 AP dispatch: "A U.S. government official said today that the original account came from Viet Nameese military reports and was confirmed by the U.S. military. Later, when questions were raised, he said, the U.S. military investigated again and found that the casualties had been caused by the Viet Nameese government artillery ... Sources who investigated the incident in Kien Hoa province about 40 miles south of Saigon said they found nothing to show that the Viet Cong actually had herded civilians in front of them as a shield."

To the Seattle Times' editorial writer, HELIX offers a deeply felt "Tough luck" and its Tough Luck Award, a silver plated foot.

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FESTIVAL by Denman



P DAVID
HORTON

FILM
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LOVE ARTS FESTIVAL

Little Red Motherhood

auditions: bertolt brecht theatre studio, 1919 $\frac{1}{2}$ second ave. 3-5 pm / 7-10 pm daily play: oden chilovjek's vehement satire..... a spring happening in tribute to motherhood as performed by the young women of the stalingrad (volgograd) Komsomol, or.....as performed by the junior auxiliary of the D.A.R..... people of ability and interest are urged to contact soren roedke or alexei semyonof at ma 3-6739.

Hidden in two-space there are gear studs of the system. It's the flat decorative adjectival. It lacks extension. A flat world out of which stumbles the freeway to Everett. Relation like cogs - the lines they draw roll only ratios of circumference out against each other.

The artsie cherry of this fair city is about to be popped. A whole bunch of folk to come with the lines and words and worlds of gesture and song. To say we belong together and

Happy Boeing and why not stand the first SSF up on end and strangle the Space Needle.

One knows a rainy regular solid is no more a valid structure than Padel-ford Hall is a real building or the freeway a freeway. New structures all over the place. Bop down to the Seligman Gallery. Darling paintings. Really adorable, and everybody wants something darling. It's always already sold. Darling art is never for sale and never as darling as it is once sold. Somebody buys. God, somebody really does. And there's burgundy at the openings, so one gets loaded as quickly as possible and stares knowingly at the fuzzy stuff. Tobey was a fuzzy man and Roethke. It shows. Is anyone concerned with the destiny of living poets?

Hidden in two-space one turns the 2 through itself. Look! Listen! You're that high. Generate at least a regular solid. Stand up, Seattle. A community to be. Come out of hiding. It's easy.

There are kisses for the cosmic cop and all the others. Something, someone to delight the senses, to wipe that fuzzy brain clean.

Join us. Be angry. Be love. The Arts are here to tell you the song is not from elsewhere. Your own name entitles it. Rejoice!

The days of April shall be a personal gift to the holy people of this region. Graphics - at the Zigzag Gallery 85 Lower Pike-April 6th and 7th, 4 PM to 10 PM, (the gallery will be open earlier in the day as well) and April 8th, 11 AM to 5 PM. Saturday evening 6 to 10 PM, an auction and party for its guests. Entries dutch-auctioned; the artist will realize 2/3 of the final sales price.

Performances - at Jakks Annex 80 Lower Pike from 6 to 10 PM and later on April 6 and 7, and beginning at 11 on April 8. One dollar donations are requested. Sunday the 9th a day perhaps of frenzy 1 PM on, at the Zigzag.

Of the money realized, part will be used to support the Spring Mobilization on the 15th of April, and the rest for expenses; anything left over will be used to present again Love Arts to Seattle.

No judges, no juries, no censors. Those wishing to participate, call:

Graphics - EA 5-3770
Performers - MA 4-8489
ME 2-2463

PAGE 3

THE BROTHERS AND THE HELIX

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

EASTER SUNDAY

MARCH 26

LIVING DRESS!



MAGIC FERN

UNION EIGHT COMPANY

TWO TRIPS ABOARD
THE VIRGINIA V 7 & 10:30 PM

PUGET SOUND
EXCURSIONS.
W. OF FISHER-
MAN'S WHARF



GENE JOHNSTON:

WHY MOTHERS WORRY



In the madhouse at Ypsilanti, Mich., there are currently three persons who insist they are Christ. Two thousand years ago in Jerusalem there was one. Can we therefore infer that Man has improved because he confines his Dr. Learys instead of crucifying them?

This unsettling question was posed me by a young swinger by way of explaining the difference between today's hippie and yesterday's beatnik. Taking polite pleasure in my shocked expression he said: "You cats had nihilism and hangovers. We have acid, speed, weed, and a social conscience."

"Maybe you do," I said, "but you don't know how we soared when Ginsberg's delicious yawn of rage and pain gave us definition. Why, Kenneth Rexroth even told us to pour gasoline down the chimney of the man in the Brooks Bros. suit and strangle his poodle."

"So did you?" he wanted to know, the pinpoints of his pupils boring steadily at my wallowing ones. I am sure De Sade would toy with Sacher-Masoch just so. I took a quick snort from my wineskin, my beer, and my hip flask.

"Of course I didn't," I said. "Wow, man, that could have got a fella in bad trouble. Anyway, we were busy juicing and digging the scene, like Kerouac said. We had this great music, see, called Modern Jazz with these terrific erudite liner notes. It was all based on what Charley 'Bird' (for yardbird) Parker had done to Cherokee one night in this chili joint in Kansas City. Man, he demolished Cherokee and Charley Barnett and then Diz demolished Bunny Berigan and Miles demolished Bix and Monk demolished..."

"But what did you do?"

"What could I do? I wore a beret, grew a pubic beard, got smashed out of my mind four nights a week, tried to comprehend words like Love, Peace, Karma, Satori, all like that..."

SNIFTER OF BRANDY

He smiled gently, causing me to take a snifter of apricot brandy. "Have you made any progress?" he asked. I studied him all over for signs he was putting

me on. We older cats hate to be patronized worse than anything. He appeared to sense my hangup, as we say, for he continued soothingly: "I mean, have you begun to see those words as actual states of behaving--have they changed your life?"

"Now listen, man," I said in my best voice, "I know what you're getting at. Have I been to Mississippi When It Mattered? The answer is No. Have I marched anywhere (out of uniform, that is, sat in, been blooded by the fuzz? No. Because us older cats know it's hopeless, baby. Those words I was telling you, they still don't mean anything much. We were kids in World War II, dig? The Four Freedoms, Save Fat, Slap a Jap, fry them japoratzis, then we had the chance to kill our own gooks and slopeheads in the name of all that's holy. Do you know those campos down in the desert where they kept the Nisei (we called them slant-eyed, bandy-legged creeps then) are still in good shape, waiting for the next bunch of "subversives?" That's what you are, chum. A Subversive!" He shook his head in a Christly way that made me really want to get lopped.

"But I'm no square, man," I said desperately, "Listen, I know what it's like to lie in my sleeping bag in Woodland Park and read Will Burroughs by moonlight. Did you know Will Burroughs is the Bib Bull Lee Jack writes about in his ever-pulsing, wild-wailing, down-US-cellar-door series? Did you know he wrote it on butcher paper?"

"Golly," said the young man. He took an indolent whiff of a flower he'd been fondling. "What ever happened to those quaint people anyway?"

That's the kind of question I like. "Well," I said, "Corso and Ginsberg went to India to be holy men. Burroughs went to Tangiers as a remittance man in the land of nod, Snyder went to Japan to be a Zen monk, somebody or other went to Tibet. Dean Moriarty came to the end of the Road and went to work. Kerouac went back to Big Sur but found he was afraid of the dark."

I paused proudly, but he didn't seem to be listening. He

was staring out the tavern window at a shaggy creature who could have been the abominable snowman. "Seymour Krim went to ..." I began, but he said: "Why didn't they extract their heads from navals and try to change what they didn't like, instead of cooping out?"

VULGAR, HOPELESS

"What, and fly in the face of tradition?" I riposted. "Don't you know literary iconoclasts always abandon America because it's so vulgar and hopeless? Besides, your royalties go much further in foreign exchange."

At that moment the jukebox came on like a Kalakak family reunion with a herd of adenoidal 14 year olds whining over the indignity of being chained aboard a slave ship. They couldn't touch Burl Ives, who most likely has at least seen a blue-tail fly.

"Yes," I cried, "and another thing. We tried to look masculine in our beards and turtlenecks and our womenfolk took pains to maintain their sexual identities with flattering smocks and strange jewelry and clever feminine wiles handed down since Eve, whereas on the other hand, you all resemble Jeeter Lester in those bib overalls and identical hair like the nest of untidy birds." I'm especially conscious of hair, my own having fallen victim in its prime to a disease called North Beach mange.

"And so," I said, giving him the crusher, "we can't tell which of you is the boy and which is the girl!" I rewarded myself with a dollop of tokay, and he said: "That's too bad, because we can tell. And that after all is what matters, isn't it? Even if you could tell the difference, it wouldn't get you anywhere. Follow me?"

"I think I do when you put it that way," I said.

At that moment the yeti-like creature materialized at our booth and revealed itself to be a handsome doll wrapped in a fur horseblanket. She slumped down beside him with weariness of the ages and stared fixedly from behind a dank curtain of hair in the manner of one recently drowned.

Like most of them, she was a strapping amazon, and her face glowed with health and excess vitamins which she did her best to conceal beneath layers of ghoulish paint. The ideal appears to be an appearance of decrepit lassitude. If Wilde were around today he'd say senility is wasted on the old.

"What haps, prez?" I inquired, demonstrating I was hip. After some kind of eternity, her eyes rolled away from the flower.

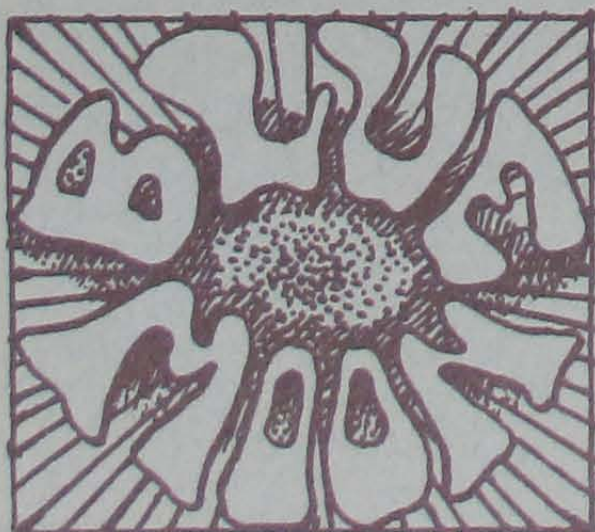
"Pardon?" she breathed, not moving her lips like a ventriloquist. A lovely brute like that, she meant you to think she just got out of Buchenwald. Through the chimney. But I knew for a fact it took six cops to quell her during a recent riot for peace. I knew because I'd seen it on television.

HAVE A DRINK

"Have a drink," I said, "it improves your orgone."

"Ugh," she said, curling her lip, "filthy poison."

"Why knock booze all the time!" I sniveled, "Did you know the



earliest writing ever unearthed is a recipe for making beer?"

"People were ingesting mind-expanding plants eons before that."

"They were living in trees, too. Booze, on the other hand, civilizes you and focuses your brain so it's like the little white dot when you turn off your TV that gets smaller and smaller till it vanishes right into infinity. Then you're thoroughly focused. Here's a little couplet that may assist your understanding:

"I only drink my steadiness to improve."

"Last night I was so steady I couldn't even move."

"But that's crazy," she said, "why not simply knock your head against the wall? Besides, haven't you a desire to dynamize your perceptions, to realize yourself fully as a part of all existence? Wouldn't you like to know ever so much more about yourself?"

"Sometimes I seem to know too much already," I said, and meditated on the gulf between generations.

"So what have you been doing for kicks?" I asked her. At once she lost her cool and smiled grandly.

"I've been turning on at the laundromat!" she cried. "A bunch of us went for a ride in the dryer. You get 15 minutes for a dime."

"There you go," I aporved. "Is that better than a light show?"

"It hurts different, but it definitely expands a part of your consciousness."

"I want to talk with you about that," I said. "You cats are always talking about expanding consciousness and your minds. Don't you see that's what brings down on you the wrath of Society? Now if you were to advertise shrinking your minds and maybe trying to make them go away altogether, America would cherish you and take you to its bosom. If you don't wise up and quit fooling around with your minds, we're going to hit you with our martini shakers and forbid you entrance to the earthly paradise of Socialist Realism. We're all mad at you for this, you know. The Right sees you as the Book of Revelations come to pass: you're the anti-customer. The Left is

furiously because you won't take orders or pass out leaflets or even listen when it calls the other Left revisionist or running-doo-of-reaction. You yawn over the great Passaic, N.J., textile strike and how it was sold out by its leaders, and the first time you heard Mao say "All worship to the thought of Mao," you laughed because it was funny, not because it offended your dialectic."

A DAILY CHAPTER

"Yes, but," he said, "Your idea of action is to read a daily chapter of the latest Who-Killed Kennedy book. Anyway, isn't Mao kind of dull?"

"You bet," I said, "he makes Daddy-bird sound like Tom Lehrer. But you can be right too soon. There's a correct moment for being right. Haven't you heard of premature antifascism? Let yourself be guided in these matters by the Gospel according to St. Luce."

"That's silly," she said.

"But safe," I said. "You must learn to concentrate on the past and leave the present alone."

"You cynical old cnot," she said, "don't you have any principles whatever?"

"Most assuredly. I am a member in good standing of an articulate, concerned mass numbering in many millions. At this very moment, all over this wonderful land, we are solemnly agreeing with Newsweek, sneering at Time, cheering on New Republic, getting off nasty cancellations to Ram-parts and Nation, asking our fathers not to throw away U.S. News and World Report, nodding sagely at Walter Lippman's mighty calls to inaction, ignoring with disdain pleas for cash from SNIK and YAF. I refer, in case you haven't guessed, to that multitude of sippers of the milk of human kindness called LIBERALS."

"We have many things in common but commonest of all is the Law Of Moderation. This law functions as follows: we demand prompt and moral solutions to all problems in direct proportion to their distance away from us. Put another way, the closer to home a Problem exists, the louder grow our cries for Moderation. Racial inequities trouble every right-thinking one of us, so I will use that illustration:

"We should smash apartheid in South Africa at once, using atomic bombs if necessary."

"We should establish martial law in those repugnant areas of the South where hateful brutalities exist."

"We should not, however, be over-hasty in judging race riots in Northern cities. Much can be said for both sides."

"Any disturbance of outside agitators in Seattle must be crushed as insurrection. After all, society is based on respect for law and order."

"Boooooo!" they said.

CRAVEN BUNCH

"Boo indeed, but we're what's happening. You may say, as well, that we Liberals are a particularly craven bunch, and many of us would agree under psychoanalysis or on our deathbed. Yet, as we love to say, our hearts are in the right place. We abhorred Goldwater and we despise Johnson. We bite our lips in vexation over the Negro rabble-rousers and their horrid cry of Black Power, and it goes without saying we loathe white racists who crudely enunciate what we secretly feel."

"We have splendid heroes, too: the Noble Failures. We revere courage and grace and wit in defeat. For this reason, we currently deify John F. Kennedy, who was a moral man caught in the nutcracker of a system he couldn't budgem and who masked his impotence with charm and sensitivity. We sigh over Adlai Stevenson for the same reasons. If anything, he is an even more charismatic symbol because he tickles our sense of Irony. His bitterness at the end when he realized he was a consummate dupe is delicious to us."

"We have a sincere feeling of sainthood, you see. We can prove we are the anointed, if you listen long enough. We have been on the moral and decent side of every social problem, even if we always arrive after the battle is over. War, as one of us said, is too important to leave to generals."

They shook their hair sadly. "You're pitiful in a repulsive lushhead sort of way," she said. Sympathy and understanding!

"Oh yes!" I cried, "Take me along to your lair and initiate me into the arcane delights of the New Religion!"

"We can't," she said, "Mario Savio says not to trust anyone over 30."

an invitation:

As A
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THE UNION LIGHT COMPANY
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LIGHT SHOW-DANCE-HAPPENING
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Lake Sammamish
We cordially invite
all members of
The SEATTLE CITY COUNCIL
SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT
& other interested citizens
to come, participate
and share with us
the Joy & Beauty
of the Experience



The Shazam Society, perhaps the oldest and most mysterious of the Northwest's blossoming underground organizations, will surface again on April 1.

A three-week long exhibition of art, non-art, and anti-art created by members of Shazam will be on display at the Attica Gallery, 426 Broadway East. Entitled "First Official Exhibition of UFO's (Unidentified Funky Objects), Awesome Images Show, Better-Living-Thru-Sausages Display and Brain Damage Festival," the event begins with an unusual preview (invitation only) from 6 to 9 on the

evening of April Fool's Day.

Among the highlights of the opening will be the unveiling of a 50-foot long hot dog created especially for Shazam by the Milwaukee Sausage Co. The sausage is a recurrent image in Shazam's exhibitions and happenings.

According to Tom Robbins, who sometimes acts as spokesman for the group, Shazam is dedicated to, among other things, "the tender and loving overthrow of established culture and to committing public and private acts of beauty, love and mystery."

The show will continue through April 19.

THE BROTHERS

For many years the University District has been home to a community of kindred souls. They have been called many things-Beatniks, Fringies, presently Hippies and ofcourse other labels which are largely unprintable. Growing and developing, this "sub-culture" has adapted to and in turn influenced the enveloping social environment; the parent culture in whose womb it lies. It has passed from the Bohemian intimacy of its earliest days, through the adolescent chaos wrought by kick-seeking teenagers into a new stage - that of the Brothers. That this organization was even conceived of, let alone that it is essential for the "District's" continued existence, is in itself indicative that we have reached a new level of activity. With the appearance of the Brothers, the District scene is taking its first steps on a long journey. Baby steps, granted, for now the long gestation has finally ended. The District has come into its own; into the light of day.

Chartered as a non-profit religious corporation, The Brothers declares in its articles, to seek and provide all possible means and establish whatever facilities are necessary to enable individuals to achieve self-realization through religious experience." Beneath the legal jargon lies the true germ of our purpose- the achievement of the fullest freedom for the individual- the freedom to be.

Coursing through the Western Culture like a deep, warm ocean current, this concept, however, has been repeatedly polluted with the silt of decaying societies. So it is in our own time, in our own land whose very Constitution embodies this ideal, that the screws are being slowly but surely tightened on every individual. Police harassment, economic black-mail, ostracization, alienation, emotional and intellectual strangulation - these are the costs each of us pay for the assertion of our inherent rights as human beings.

We, in the University District, because of our activities, our thoughts, even our appearance have paid this price dearly, and for too long. Now, with the eviction of the Bookworm catalysing our spirit, we have decided to resist the surging tide of darkness by erecting an economic buttress to protect the "community" as a whole and to shield each individual so that he may develop unlettered.

But we seek not just to stand still nor to escape. Rather we are reaching for a new avenue for human activity, an alternative to the growing frustration and bastardization of individual and social life in a deteriorating America. It is to the future that we look, for planted in the rotting humus of the Present, we are the seeds of Tomorrow.

LITMUS



Little magazines of the arts usually spring up around a pile of manuscripts that for one reason or another cant get published in established journals, and so a new mag is born. it is not out of the ordinary that some of the best american poetry surfaces in magazines such as these three famous ones, BLACK MOUNTAIN REVIEW, FLOATING BEAR, WILD DOG. two small presses, one still extant (coyote) and big table were relieved of their duties for publishing what the regents would think of as

Trips Festival: the "official" start. And officially perhaps it had to start that way: a little dirty. There was no room to listen, look, and then move the way you wanted do and even had to. That's the police fix. The officer on the stage politely asked that the dancing stop. There was, after all, no permit. The officer failed to mention why there was no permit. Light shows do something to the mind and tend to attract the "morally degenerate, drug addicts, prostitutes and other hangers on," and therefore the police had refused to issue a dance permit. Presumably these were the same people the officer so affably addressed. That's the police fix. The promoter owns the other. The business fix. It smelled of success, and "who can knock that." But this is not the business of what's happening. You don't manipulate it, you don't tease or prod it. When your business is promotion you make things happen. But really money makes money... makes itself. And in matters of "life and death" it's a bit of a parasite that swings from the public pap and makes it move. Trips-Lansing made it move and the gas escaped from the stage, from the radio and into the pockets... something like 12,000. This is money that did not move into what's happening but out of it. It will make more money. It is generous with itself. It builds piles in its pockets. It's a little dirty. The fixes go off and on and some of the people are turned off and on and others on and off.



being of questionable literary merit.

a somewhat similar situation surrounds the birth of LITMUS, a true little magazine as opposed to POETRY NORTHWEST which is a false little magazine, false to use the adjective little because they have all that university bread. irrelevant as the university mite be. the editor of LITMUS (charles potts) sometime instructor at the free university of Seattle, and man behind the gladness wakes in the market downtown, says he plans to do 6 LITMUS, between now and next winter. when asked why the limits at 6 he had the following to say, "well, mainly because small publications like LITMUS have a fairly short life expectancy and when they run on too long they get hung up and the music peters out. either that or they get unhappily involved in the politics of poetry. LITMUS intends to be quick and heady with the best that is available to me. i sort of play it by ear and i will publish one of the best poets i've ever heard, edward smith, a student of chinese, at the uw."

potts said that little magazines are to be better than large ones because the editors are freer, as the GRANDE RONDE REVUE, recently published the best extant charles bukowski poem, and bukowski is published all over the world potts said subscriptions for the entire run of 6 are \$5.00 and single copies will be available for a dollar, notably at the id bookstore in the district.

THE FESTIVAL: A DOUBLE FIX

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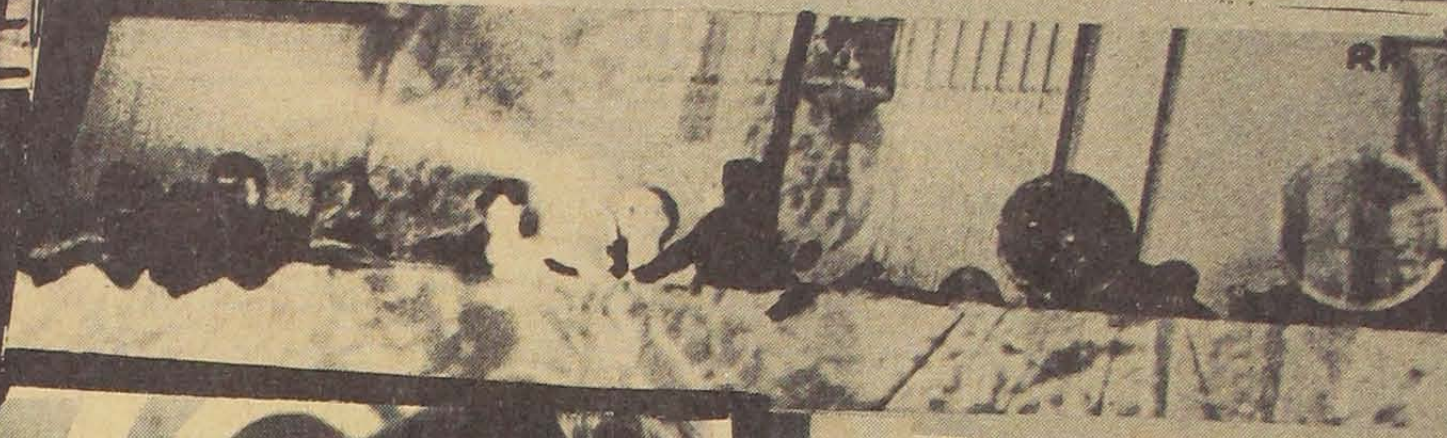
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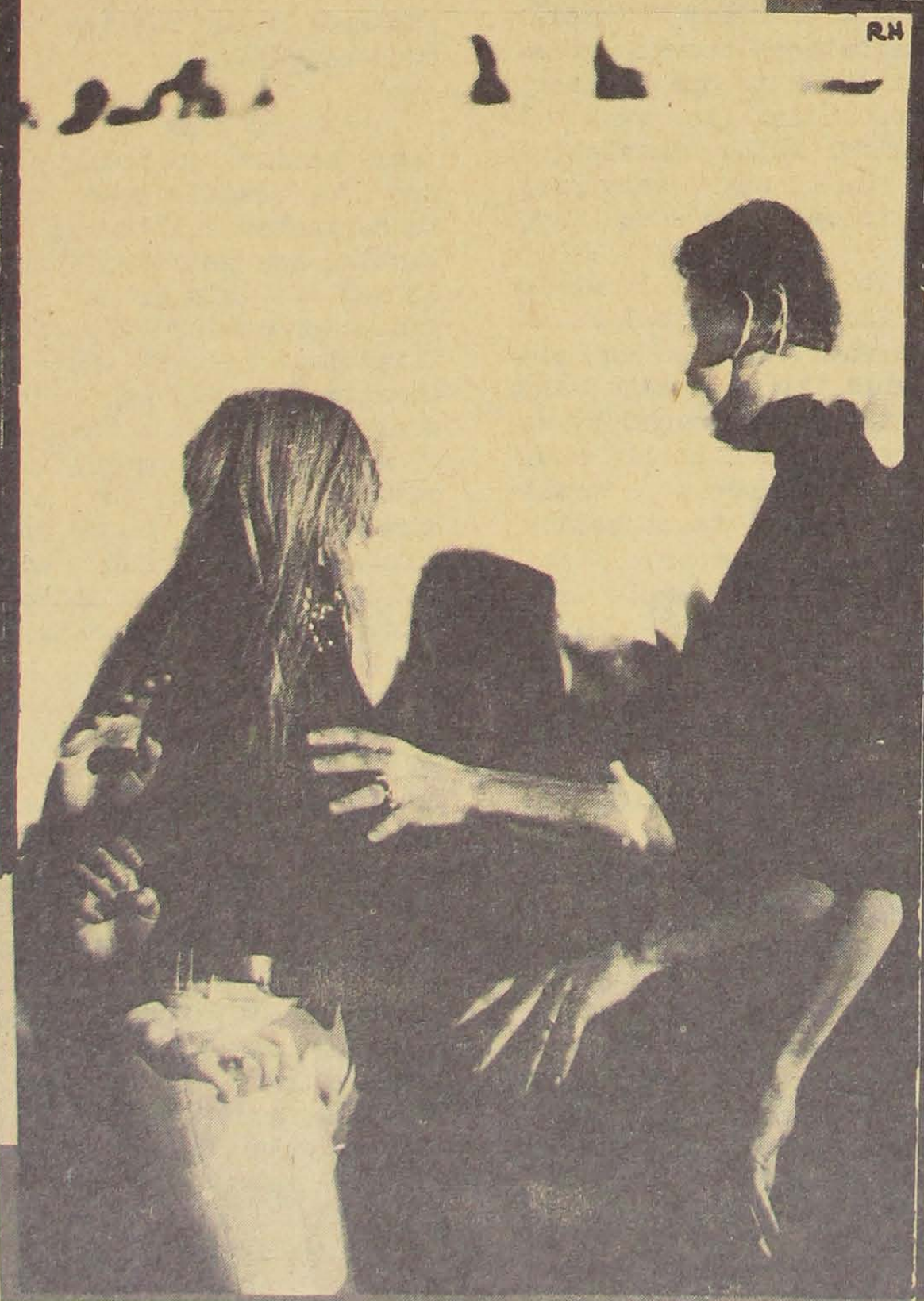
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photos by Randy Hall-rh, Frank Denmin-fd-Gary Finholt-gf

SPELMAN SPEAKS

excerpts from a KRAB commentary



Sometimes you wonder whether or not it's even worthwhile living in a state such as Washington. One becomes impressed with the beauty of the place; and yet when you observe the kinds of legislation that are coming out of the state legislature, when you observe the kinds of things that are going on in the police department, you wonder whether you have a moral obligation to stay and fight or whether you ought to get out. Now that may sound like a rather extraordinary statement, and one might ask if things are really that bad; and yet I'm not sure that they aren't.

I suppose you are aware of the legislation which is pending regarding I.D. cards in this state: these are not yet mandatory, but by the provisions of the bill the state is going to supply I.D. cards with numbers and photographs on them to its citizens. No doubt there will be many useful purposes to which these will be put; however, one shouldn't be too surprised if, assuming this legislation passes, social



(drawings by Dave Coleman)

CHUCK METCALF:

JAZZ and other Gassy Sounds



AN OPEN LETTER TO CHARLES LLOYD

Dear Charles:

Please excuse the formal salutation. I felt that since this letter is to be of a public nature that the sweet nothings we call each other in private might come through somewhat gauche in print. Further, Helix is certain to have readers who detest anything smacking of name dropping. Name dropping is hazardous anyway.

I'll show you. Oscar, Peter, no, that one's too heavy to lift. How about Archie Shepp. Oh, drat! -- right on my white carpet. Or Shelly Manne. Oh, God--a real catastrophe this time. Why isn't the street crew more careful to cover those things up? I'll try a safe one like Paul Desmond. Ah--floating gently to earth like down from a moulting swan. So pretty and graceful it almost makes you forget about Dave Brube.... oh no!, what have I done; not all over my pretty feather. Oh, poor feather, now you're a Leonard.....

I'll never forget the first time we spoke. You said, "Connecticut (pause) Connecticut, of course." I, more than a little intimidated by that pregnant revelation, held my tongue. Not

wishing to be left alone with your incandescent truth, you turned to Sam Jones who was sitting in the back seat (but not taking one to anybody) and reiterated, "Connecticut, of course, of course. Right, Home?" To which Sam "Home" Jones replied seraphically, "Of course, of course".

This was several years ago. I have taken your pronouncement as a kind of sutra, meditating upon it, turning it this way and that as one might examine a singular agate luckily found on a beach of grey pebbles. I am now ready to report to you the results of my lucubrations. The key came to me in a satori-like flash when a friend said to me, simply, "Hi, there, how are you?", but I, apparently in a state of grace, took my friend's remark to be "High?", and instead replied, "Of course,.....of course," and suddenly had my own light show going on inside my head. The term "Connecticut," for so long as mysteriously remote as inter-galactic dust, was suddenly luminous with significance. On one level, a State of the Union becomes transmuted into a state of mind. On another, "Con a ticket", as one might contrive a delightful hustle to take a trip. My mind reeled at the profundity of

"connect-a-cut". Clearly, your intention was to point to the absurdity of the so-called rational mind's irrational tendency to posit linear relationships in the void. And then, of course, "con - etiquette", indicating the superfluousness of common - practice social norms between people properly attuned to one another. Understanding is such a beautiful thing, Charles. I hope you'll say something else to me again some day.

At this point I would hope that my critical faculties would appear so unreliable as to make any qualitative judgement by me upon your music highly suspect. Therefore I shall confine myself to objective facts. On February 12th, several hundred people sat for an hour on hard chairs in the HUB ballroom awaiting the Charles Lloyd Quartet, then sat entranced another four hours, got up with their eyes bugging out bumping into each other, wanting only to hear more. The reviewers for Seattle's two major papers were either looking at Hollywood movies or dutifully attending some nice amateur performance for nice old ladies and innocent dragooned children. The one reviewer who did mention your prior engagement at the Penthouse said only, "Far out, if you

are a Lawrence Welk fan, pass this one up". These types apparently don't even read the Establishment organs such as Time and Harpers which might have helped them since they have long ago traded their ears for their eyes and are shocked at any reality not made of paper.

As you know, a two-day jazz festival is being planned for Seattle some time in September. Although the backing has not been confirmed at this point, the group promoting the festival is confident that a commitment will be forthcoming, and that a festival of high artistic merit will result. That is why they have asked you to be musical director. Our ears are twitching with anticipation for the composition for a large group which you spoke of writing specially for the festival. Since you spoke to me of assisting you in gathering the musicians necessary to perform the work, I am particularly eager to have a rough idea of what you have up your sleeve. I'm already having nightmares involving the possible hassles in finding an electric sitar player. So please write me a little note saying merely that when it happens it will be beautiful. I'll believe you of course, of course.

compulsion makes these cards practically, if not absolutely, mandatory.

Now I.D. cards are one of the hallmarks of a gestapo state, and I see the identification card as one of the gravest threats confronting us these days. It's no secret to anyone familiar with the police tactics in this city, particularly in the U district, that the selective service card is in fact already being used largely as an I.D. card; I see absolutely no justification for this. It is my view, and I've expressed this elsewhere, that the selective service cards should be made available only to selective service officials. I see no reason why members of the state patrol, police departments or the FBI have any business at all with selective service cards.

I speak of the state ID cards because they, in combination with several other things that are going on now, create an issue which is (and I don't think I'm being paranoid here) positively threatening. Once we can enforce a law making I.D. cards mandatory for all citizens, once we can enforce a type of behavior pattern which may be checked out by computer, as we do with social security, as we do with income tax; it doesn't seem to be a very great step to unified behavioral patterns and indeed compulsory behavioral patterns.

You see the same kind of thing in the legislation on motorcycle helmets: there is now a bill before the House and Senate which makes it a crime to ride a motorcycle without a helmet. "Well," you say, "that seems a wise thing to do; after all, a helmet may save a person's life." But I don't believe that's the point. It may be very wise to wear a crash helmet, but I don't believe that the state has a right to force you to do so. If you don't wear a helmet and you kill yourself, that's your business, and it's not the business of the state to protect you against yourself. If it were otherwise it would be perfectly alright for the state to outlaw candy on the grounds that it causes cavities, and may cause fat which in turn may lead to heart failure. I believe that the principle involved is an important one, and I'm going to show how important it is later in this discussion.

The LSD legislation involves the same fundamental principle. Some people believe it's unwise to use LSD; it may be, but again I don't think it's the business of the state to protect us from our own stupidity. It's the business of the state to protect us in terms of public health from water and air pollution; however, I believe we have to be increasingly vigilant in the area of private health, private welfare, and the private concerns of our own lives where these things are not the business of anyone else. I don't believe my sexual activities are the business of anyone but myself, and therefore I believe that all laws in this area ought to be considered unconstitutional and null and void. I believe the intended laws on the possession and consumption of LSD are also unconstitutional on those grounds.

It's an incredible kind of reasoning that now states, in violation of all canons of human dignity, that a person who applies for a driver's license, by that act of application, gives his implied consent for the cops to stop him any time they want, and question him; presumably even to search the car. Now this is crazy, and I really don't understand how the people of this state are prepared to tolerate this kind of abuse.

Probably some of you have become aware of the wire tapping bill now in the legislature. It's a great bill. It says that there is a lot of abuse in wiretapping, and that we ought to make a law to prevent people from bugging other people's phones and in general using wire tapping devices. So there ought to be a law against it, and presumably will be a law against it, except--ah, yes--except for the police; and the police, according to this bill, may bug your phone, bug anything else, whenever they think it helps them in the solution of a crime, whenever there is no other means readily available, and so on and on. In other words we've allowed the police to bug us all.

Now if this kind of reasoning and this kind of legislation doesn't make one feel pretty uneasy about living in a state such as the state of Washington, I don't know what kind of concept of liberty we have operating in this state.

You well know, I suspect, that the legislature is making another bid to impose loyalty oath on all public servants, including of course the University of Washington which challenged the last such law, and had it struck down by the Supreme Court. So we'll make another effort to pass a loyalty oath.

The obscenity bill is a real joker, to the extent that undeveloped film which, if developed would prove to be obscene, would be a criminal offense. This is really going crazy for all types of reasons, not only the pure absurdity of the bill, but, in my view, the absurdity of any laws against obscenity. I happen to believe that pornography ought to be made available, even to babies in the cradle. There's a big thing about having to protect children from pornography. We just had a very interesting report from the New Jersey "Right to Read" committee in which there were something like nine hundred psychiatrists surveyed for a report to Governor Hughes of New Jersey, and the report showed what many of us have long suspected: that there is no correlation between reading pornography and sexually deviant behavior. Indeed a significant number of psychiatrists have held that the suppression of this type of literature is probably more responsible for sexually deviant behavior, in terms of curiosity etc., than is its availability.

And yet we, and indeed even the Supreme Court, will persist stating that pornography ought to be the subject of legislation. Well I happen to believe, again, that it is no business of the legislature. If a person wants to read about sadism, masochism, fornication or god knows what, that's his business. It sure as hell isn't the business of adults to tell other adults what they may or may not read, and I want that principle to go across the board and include pornography.

Well then, if you gaze at this general foundation of the I.D. cards, of the loyalty oath, of implied consent, of the horrors of the wire tapping bill, it looks like a pretty frightening situation. Now you say, well, maybe it looks that way, but surely we can expect our public officials to reasonably implement these pieces of legislation; after all, the police aren't going to go around biting everybody. And if the police aren't going to go around biting everybody... And if the police are suspicious of a guy, they're probably right; he probably is a criminal, and after all we've got to catch the criminals. They're using unfair means, so why shouldn't we do the same to catch them. Anyway, Spellman makes a big thing about harassment, whether it's on I.D. cards, or implied consent or wire tapping; but there just isn't the kind of harassment that he talks about or that he keeps fearing may happen. My response is, isn't there?

And now I propose to read to you a series of case histories of what has been happening in the Seattle public schools within the last few weeks. First of all I want to lay down the principles that are involved. Students are in the schools by virtue of the law; it is a criminal offence not to go to school. They are, in that sense, a captive audience. No policeman can come to my house or your house or anyone else's house and interrogate you without your consent or a warrant. But they have now found that they can go to the schools and violate the most fundamental liberties that we have: the right to privacy and the right to the kind of security we would have in our own home. This is a horrifying thing. I may say that in the state of Arizona, which has gone even crazier on this subject, the police department has offices in the high schools. The cops carry guns; they go into the classrooms; some of them even teach. When I say teach, that isn't to say that they are qualified by academic regulations to teach. They have no teaching certificates; in most cases they hold no university degrees, but they teach and they interrogate students. They have access to all the students' confidential files, which they may at any time turn over to the police department. As I said, the state of Arizona has gone even farther in this area than we have, and yet here in the state of Washington, in the city of Seattle, the police are in the schools; they are interrogating, without benefit of council, without due process. And I propose to read a series of reports that the ACLU has received from the students questioned by the police in the schools. (next issue the reports)

Now look, this kind of rot in this city is really going too damn far. When judges tell students that

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**TWENTY-FIVE POLYCHROMATIC CHILDREN
EMERGE, STILL FLASHING, FROM FESTIVAL
IN SEARCH OF CHEAP THRILLS.....**

PAGE 10



MAKE LOVE NOT WAR

Birdsong verse so sweet
that children might understand

Let the glue come loose
and the forms flow free

Dismiss the bodyguard Send them home

Let love bloom in all our gardens

Childsong

Divine madness burns through
all mankind
all the world/ who knows
or cares what lies beyond?

Being flows in and through me
this wood this cup
we are all of the same essential stuff
dirt/ashes

love

/a fantastic treasure
discovered

ours

/for it is beauty and beauty is all Bartel by Finholt
around us

earth/ashes
are smelted into iron & steel
weapons of war/ war is the madness
of men who do not love/ our bodies
are the ashes

Fighting breeds fighting



feeds on itself/ this pig society
feeds on itself
tearing shredding & inventing
material to feed itself

The ancient curse must be power
And love in the midst of hysteria and
plague continues to bloom in private
gardens
but o the madness and the money

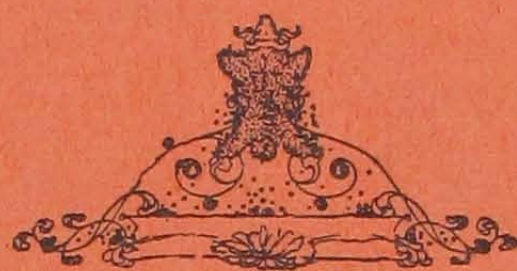
money is the hammer
and physical needs the heat
to swell & loosen human forms
from natural shapes
the market is the anvil
& fucked up people are the
iron shoes for the emperor's horses

We are draft animals
chained to one course, yet
the ancient yoke weakens
generations of animals striving

God of the meatpackers
in a family bible frame
crusty with sacred guilt
(too many potatoes ruin the mind)

clap the volume shut/
we would dance
with birds/
perceive beauty freely
totally
Dove of Peace descend for us

a woman waits singing.



MEN OF THE GREAT REBELLION



MORE LETTERS BELOW THE LINE



(ed. note: John Bartel, a poet usually from San Francisco, several members of the Union Light Company and various musical instruments circuited the Helix-Star-Treck cabal recently for a taped interview. Shortly before they arrived I wandered out the door and therefore missed the interview. This article was assembled from the tape which I later swallowed. Tape begins with loud drumming and muffled shouts.)

Helix: Why?....Why to Seattle?

John Bartel: Several reasons. To do what I can to help the Union Light Company do their thing: to help them pierce the solid wall of prejudice against anything new. Ron McComb (one of the Light Company) and I have been together before and I've discovered that the way I make poetry has a great deal to do with music. The music we have just made for instance. What I want to do is get into a much more spontaneous and free kind of improvised poetry. I find writing poems on paper truly dull.

What you do when
You write a poem is
Fill the balloon in
The comic strip you
Imagine you're living
It's an intellectual abstraction.
You fill it full of hot
Air and
It rises,
Hopefully.

H: Then do you compromise yourself and publish? (A suspect question considering his poetry is published here.)

JB: Oh, I'm totally compromised in front, so that thought never occurs to me, in the American posture, supine and helpless.

H: How do you get to your audience? Who is it?

JB: My audience is the people I'm around all the time. I get to it by living with them, moving through it. It seems to me that there is a poet in everybody. Poetry is simply animus, the breath passing through your body. I don't feel that my bag of scribbles is even my bag; I'm catching your poems. It's just that I spend more time at it than you do. I don't read much poetry because the poetry I'm concerned with is on the lips of all the people I'm with.

H: But you do read other people's poetry. Perhaps you even become a critic...of sorts.

JB: Well, if a critic is someone who cuts up other people's work and runs it down, I don't become a critic; that's not what I do. I'm looking for somebody...I'm trying to meet somebody I like... I'm trying to find something that turns me on to a poem or an idea of my own. I ransack other people's poetry..... Let me ask a question. I'd like to know if you have ever seen my poems. You're asking me these questions about poetry and poets and I might be the garbage man.

A poet looks to me to be the most irrelevant cat in America. I know what the garbage man does; he takes the garbage and throws it in the truck. What does the poet do?

H: Oh...he Yevtushenko.

JB: Yevtushenko is a performer. He really knows in his own mind what a poet does and he does it. But he's out of a different tradition. I don't know what a poet does. That's what I'm trying to discover.

The fifty year old spade lady
shovelling coal in the cellar sez
'Man, this shit bugs me'

She don't dig poems and her old man
Who's had the shit knocked out
of him don't dig anything but
booze now that he can't anymore
And I got to set out the garbage cans





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if they don't cut their hair they're going to go to the Youth Center. When police go from school to school and interrogate students in the way that we've been describing here, then it seems to me that something is not just crazy but that in fact it is a state of absolute terrorism. Now I don't know if you remain unmoved by these stories. And this is only the beginning of page four of an eight page document of just story after story like this. I've been reading them consecutively. And that follows with another list of documents about students who were forced to go to psychiatrists on the penalty of suspension from school. Now is this or is this not something that is pretty damned close to gestapoism. What do we do about it? The police continue, they continue this week, last week, and I have no doubt that they will continue next week, and next month, and following months to go into the schools in this most flagrant violation of the rights of children, threatening, cajoling, bribing and indulging in the dirtiest and most vicious practices, all under the guise of saving the kids from drugs, like marijuana, a drug, so called, which doesn't have one

got of harm, less harmful than all the booze that their parents are drinking. And yet this is the price that we pay. What amazes me is that people are willing to pay it, that people are willing to listen to this, that people know these stories, and they don't protest. They don't write letters to the schools raising hell as they ought to with the principals, they don't call up the police department or the mayor or the city councils, they don't write to the news papers. They do nothing. They do the same thing here as is done in the state legislature and we sit and we pathetically watch our liberty be eroded and eroded and eroded. And thus it is that I ask when things get as they are getting now in this state one wonders whether this ship is sinking so fast that we'd better get off, maybe some kind of mass migration out of here, everybody who's concerned with liberty get the hell out. If we want to leave a bunch of placid conformists who are prepared to be regulated like robots then let them stay. But is that you? And if it isn't you what in hell are you doing about it?

(NEXT ISSUE: The ACLU report)

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